in the open, would die if confronted with them with his cattle. the dirt and neglect his German imperial This I would not believe if I had not seen brethren wallow in.

stock he found on the farm and with the and beast. "They keep one another warm," proceeds bought a small contingent of remarked the inspector benignly. Yet as merinos, which by this time has increased the farm hands are entitled to free wood to 140 head, exclusive of lambs. "They are and coal the benefit of the arrangement to one of our money-making investments," the tenant is not apparent. said the inspector, "and would yield even But to return to the polite side of life, better results if the Kaiser was not so fond | commanded for Cadinen men and women. of roast lamb. As it is, we have to sell the They must never eat from an uncovered imperial Berlin kitchen a great deal of table, "for one of the all-highest personfamb at market rates that would do better ages may want to inspect the cottage at If kept alive.

ship the Kaiser had to send ahead horses | "both their Majesties delight in flowers," for carriage and riding every time he vis- etc., etc. A kitchen and one living and sited Cadinen. Our own stock were awful bedroom are furnished to each family, also scrubs. But a dozen mares from Trakehnen | portraits of the Emperor and Empress. We could fit out at least five stately four- | She visits the cottages every little while in-hands nowadays," said the inspector.

"You wouldn't think that these same subject. horses, eleven months out of every twelve, remarked the official.

CORN. POTATOES AND TARIFF. ter yield a crop of some 200,000 pounds, a |portion of which is worked off by the schnapps factory.

he raised still more to make agriculture pay story and a half high and accommodating In Germany?" asked your correspondent of fifty cows and a hundred dairy maids. Of Chief Steward Oldenbourg.

The chief steward avoided a direct enswer and said: "The Cadinen administration will never join in the cry for higher corn duties. Land owners who know their business are doing very well under the protection they now enjoy. Of course, capital invested in agriculture pays less than industrial stock, but that is to be expected. Boston Transcript. There is not so much risk either. What

phosphor."

away, and the boy proving obstreperous, to have become the father of steel engrav-Circatened to use the telephone herself. said finally with a great display of energy. miform for three Sundays, unless the govcnor gives a good report.' That overawed sachim, who went back to the castle, re-

THE PRINCESS'S PRATTLE. Louise in English when the miller informed

little girls' anyhow.

and spoils it all." for the blacksmith shop. There she seemed explained all the paraphernalia, while the smith and his men looked on respectfully. "I go there once in a while to make the men stop work," she said when we left. "They are in papa's pay and work always in Boston? Assuredly it began in Massawelve or fourteen hours a day. It's too chusetts. nuch, don't you think so?"

I agreed with Louise and told her that in America eight hours constitute a legal work day. The information struck the child as a most valuable piece of news, and she promised to tell the Kaiser of it at dinner. This time she did not refer to her sire as "papa," but aside from that her manner was most natural and childlike.

It is said of George Washington that "he was first in war and peace and last to pay his taxes." Under ordinary circumstances the chief magistrate is free from taxation in Europe. Imagine, therefore, William's surprise when the country mulcted him 15,-000 marks for harbor and river improvements by virtue of an old, half-forgotten law peculiar to this part of the realm. How the commissioners ever screwed up courage enough to face the august Emperor with a request for filthy lucre, would take too long to tell. Suffice it that, after extended negotiations, the war lord took his medicine. But pay cash-never! "The estate could not stand it." He would discharge his indebtedness in kind, by furnishing od, "hands" and horses. I wonder what So they gallop fast many milestones pastthe Emperor would say if a subject of his offered to pay taxes in the manner adopted by himself.

Cadinen harbor mainly favors the Kaiser's brickyards, a very extensive establishment in which fully \$1,250,000 are invested, and that promise to become a considerable source of revenue in good es. At present the yards just pay for ir maintenance, while keeping up a stiff ight against the brick trust, whose advances the Kaiser has so far steadfastly declined. If there is any Morganizing to done, he evidently wants to play "J. P." himself.

As to the ceramic works over which the newspapers have made so much fuss, they are still in their infancy, and at present chiefly consist of the necessary clay, very good clay, it is said. A factory is in the course of construction, and a roomfull of artists are at work modeling, painting and drawing under an instructor, who sees to it that the Kaiser's artistic ideas are minutely carried out. William promises to give, or rather sell us, pots and vases and jardinieres, but only such of which he himself approves. Whether they will find customers other than among loyal subjects, remains to be seen.

As for German manufacturers, they view all his Majesty's industrial and agricultural undertakings with decided disfavor. They claim that for a fair competitor he enjoys too many privileges, among them that his tetters, circulars and telegrams go post free, Again, if his Majesty offers building material, works of art, grain, fodder, meat and schnapps for sale state institutes, the authorities in general and many private citizens even are liable to give him the preference over other merchants. "Fighting the brick trusts, eh?" say these bad patriots. "Why, he is a trust in himself. the most commanding of all."

THE KAISER'S WORKMEN. Whether the Kaiser can "command" business remains to be seen. That he commands plenty of "hands" while the majority of German farmers suffer from lack of help is a fact. Yet he pays not a cent more than the average wage, while privileged to choose the best and orderly. There rest be something very attractive in working for an emperor even though the pleasure carries with it certain restrictions. Cadi-

native hog, which the Germans allege to be nen farm hands are forcel to observe the dare say an American pig, used to browse imperial master does not hesitate to lodge

it with my own eyes. In all but two of the The Kaiser also sold the inferior sheep | cottages one and the same roof covers man

meal time." In the gardens attached to the "During the first two years of his owner- cottages flowers only must be grown-

and some good English male blood has All the farm hands to whom I spoke had since changed the aspect of our stables. stories to tell of her Majesty's kind words, (after they have been properly aired, by the I saw the Empress and her children drive | way) and occasionally gives those inclined into the courtyard behind a spanking pair. | to church-going some wood cut of a biblical

"The last time the Kaiserin made her work at plowing or in the manure cart," rounds she found most of the people at dinner and saw them eat with their fingers. At this she was greatly horrified," said The estate contains about 2,000 acres un- an old woman, "and forthwith commanded der the plow and twice as much forest. Rye | that every cottager be furnished with two and potatoes are the chief staples; the lat- table knives and two iron pronged forks. "What about the children?" I asked.

"Oh, they are still eating with their fingers." "Is there any truth in the contention of | The notable feature among the new buildthe Agrarians that the duty on corn must ings is a big cow stable, just finished, a

ORIGIN OF STEEL ENGRAVING.

course, the cows live on the ground floor.

VERE CAREWE.

Most of the Records Concerning It Have Disappeared.

Here is a prize for library hunting. When we want are better and more roads and and where did the art of steel engraving cheaper artificial manure stuffs, kali and originate? Obviously it is an important art, without which it would be impossible The most idyllic spot on the estate is the to produce 10,000 wholly uniform engravwatermill in the midst of trees. As the ings. Of paper money it is necessary to Kaiser did not know what to do with the print millions of pieces, each kind to be abproperty, he advertised it for rent. The solutely uniform, and of postage stamps, present proprietor tells me that he is mak- those art works in miniature, the call is ing money hand over fist as every farmer | for many thousands of millions. Most of wishes to have his corn ground "at the postage stamps bearing the portrait of Kaiser's. While we were talking the two Queen Victoria were derived from one plate youngest children of the Majesties came | made in 1849. All the world knows that running up. They were unattended and Jacob Perkins, he of Newburyport, Boston, childlike, insisted upon playing at the very | Philadelphia and England, invented this edge of the pond. "I will settle you," said | particular process, and official records show the miller, when they wouldn't obey him, that his invention was substantially comand he stepped to the 'phone to call up plete in 1809. It is known also that in 1809 he had been at work upon his process for "No. no." cried little Princess Louise, a many years. He appears to have taken out pleasant but not particularly pretty child, a patent bearing upon this invention before "it would frighten mamma to death." With 1800. His object was to print banknotes that she dragged her brother Joachim not easily forged, and incidentally he seems ing, not the least of nineteenth century "I shall tell the teacher on you," she achievements. As early as 1809 he undertook to introduce his art in England, "and you remember papa's last word, 'No But most of the records bearing upon the IN THE LITERARY FIELD whence it spread all over the continent. origin of steel engraving have disappeared, and an example of the art produced before 1830 might be worth its weight in diamonds. marking that he did not care to play with steel engraving in Boston, where the Gen-

A local tradition relates that Jacob Perkins did his principal work connected with | COL. HIGGINSON ON INFLUENCE OF eral Court ordered all banknotes printed from his "steel plates," in 1809. Perhaps a "He is a foolish boy," said Princess reader of the Transcript can throw light upon this subject. It seems worth while to know the early steps in steel engraving, her that I spoke her grandmother's tongue, and if the art was born in Boston, that fact "a toolish boy. We were so happy after | will be worth knowing. Poor Perkins sufe-gaping our attendants. Now he goes back | fered from an accident, in that his art was called sideography, all languages persisting in the rejection of so uncouth a word. On The little lady went along when I started | the other hand, the incidental results of his invention were almost too numerous, to even more at home than at the mill, and that he used the "cylindrical inker" before 1810, and what home is there in all civilization that has not some kind of pretty steel engraving, those issued by the United n Boston? Assuredly it began in Massa-

The Kingdom of Make-Believe.

There's a land apart from compass and chart. And a happy land none the less. Should you wish to start for its golden mart I forget the route, I confess: Though the way is wide. I've latterly tried To enter in vain, and I srieve

That children may go, though they cannot show Us the kingdom of Make-believe. There the birds sing on and the sun shines on

Though 'tis night forlorn or a wintry morn In this desolate land of ours: Tis up and away and at elfin play. As Fancy's swift shuttle may weave, For fairies at home contentedly roam Through the forests of Make-believe.

In a land of fruit and flowers.

Crowned with dainty delights in that realm Stands a tattered old doll for queen;

And her subjects sweet kiss her grimy feet, As, indeed, she had royal been: Too silly always for manikin plays Is such girlish adoration; For boys will be boys, with frolic and noise,

To the end of all creation. On their racers of broomstick blood, Though the witches that flew through heavens blue

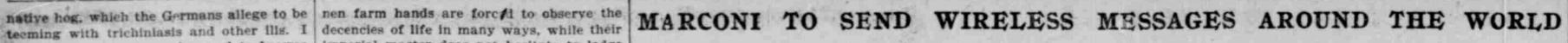
Such a pace could not have stood. Tiny lads turn quite into men of might Where these regions blissful deceive: And they toil as true as their fathers do In the work shops of Make-believe.

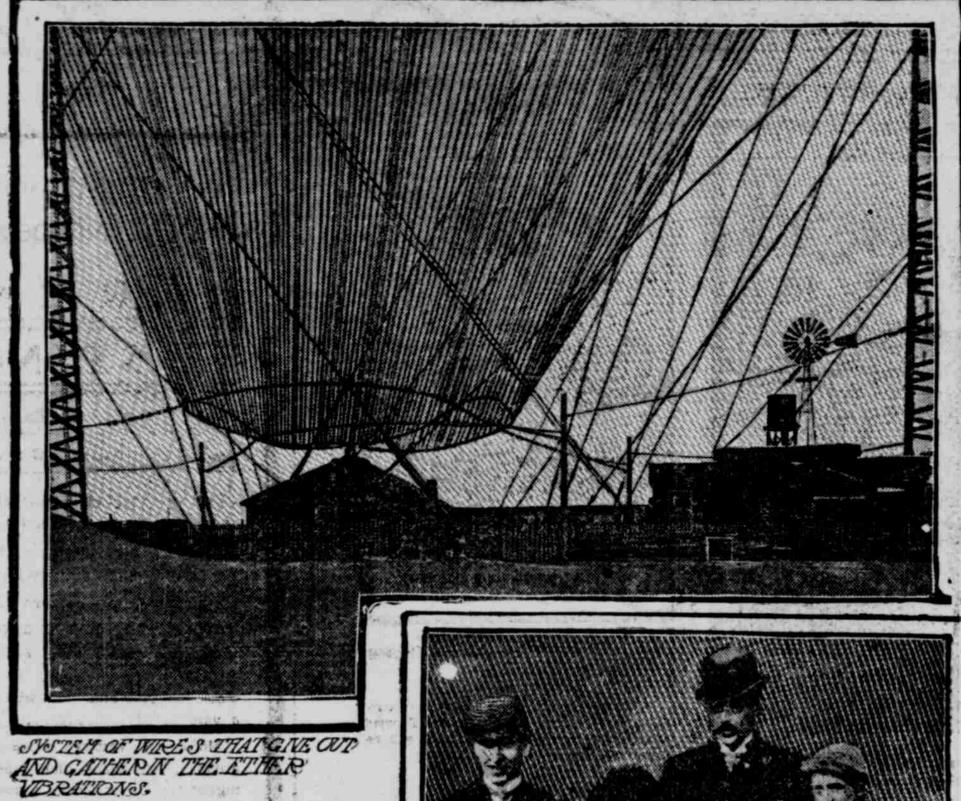
Romantic, forscoth, looms this land of our yout Though its glory all disappears With the waste and wear and the thorny care Coming on with the passing years. Though fortune or fame, the coveted aim, Of life be won, who would not leave, If he could, in quest of a haven of rest In the kingdom of Make-believe. -Thomas E. Smiley.

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

Fair Maiden-Ah! I see. A hargain sail.

Yachtsman-We are now sailing under reduced canvas.





Marconi is enthusiastic over the success he has achieved in sending wireless telegraph messages across the Atlantic ocean from Wellfleet bay to Poldhu, Wales, and is arranging to establish his system throughout the world. He hopes in time to be able, with the aid of relay stations, to send messages west from London to the United States, across Canada to the Pacific coast, across the Pacific to China or Siberia and then on to London: Arrangements for the Canadian stations have been perfected, and it is the hope of the inventor that before many years pass he will, literally speaking, be able to shoot commercial messages around the globe at far less cost than by cable and overland wire. The recent exchange of messages between President Roosevelt and King Edward was regarded as convincing proof that the wireless system will soon become as fixed in the business world as the land and marine telegraph are now. Above is published the very first authentic snapshot of the Marconi system at Wellfleet. Alongside is the first group photograph of the great inventor and



MARCONI AND ITIS ASSISTANTO AT WELLETET MARCONI G.U. REMP. ENGINEER SARGENT SUPT. TAYLOR, CHEF ENGR. BRADFIETA

WESTERN LITERATURE.

A Suggestion About Book-Plates-The Average Novel Is Fairly Good-Where Kipling Lives.

In a lecture at the Lowell Institute, Boston, last Monday evening, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson had for his subject an equal among English-speaking contem-"Western Influence on American Literature." Among other things he said:

morists, political and otherwise, who were ecutes a hundred graceful curves within let loose over the land to set it laughing, the limits of a pool of a few yards square. bad one. * * * It is undeniable that the rope. * * I myself was first introduced to Mark Twain's books by an unimpeachby my bedside, that I may turn to it in case of sleeplessness!" and however doubtful this form of compliment may appear, it | for a birthplace. Mr. James writes interwhat was the simple truth, that I had met | tributing important studies to the . . . That Mark Twain is one of the real- to antecedents, to inheritance?

"the Odyssean story of the Mississippi," under the name of "Huckleberry Finn," pear with the same quick abruptness in States.] death—a whole family perhaps made interesting, even charming, to us, then vanishing mercilessly in a meaningless border

Abroad. or four brilliantly marked characters and

to have published thirty-six volumes with- cellence of the average book, whereby Mr. out really introducing a new one. The Watson of course means the ordinary novel same denationalism has followed on a is distinctly a cause for congratulation, and higher plane the much greater gifts and is, moreover, one of the most characteristic, qualities of Henry James, of whom it has | and, therefore, one of the most striking, been said that "even his cosmopolitanism | features of the present period of fiction. has its limitations. To be truly cosmopolitan a man must be at home even in his own country." We can see the same belittling influence at work on younger Americans, as Henry Harland, and even the extraordinary ability shown in the late Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" was beginning to dwindle as he stayed in England.

The peculiar charm of Howells's prose style has, doubtless; had its effect in disarming criticism. He rarely fails to give ; and this is much, to begin with; just as, when we are listening to conversation, a musical voice gratifies us almost more than wit or wisdom. Mr. Howells is without an equal in America-and, therefore, without poraries-as to some of the most attractive literary graces. He has no rival in halftints, in modulations, in subtle phrases that "The first definite intellectual product of touch the edge of assertion and yet stop Massachusetts, he can never forego the New England village, he cannot forego the satisfaction of having given her California wakeful hours of so great a brain. I al- oceanic episodes; his best scenes imply a ways found that I could command the con- dialogue between the Atlantic and Pacific fidence of any Englishman by telling him, slopes. . . Mr. Howells is really con-Mark Twain in Hartford and dined with organization of our society. How it is to | S. Hollyer, in Literary Collector. him in his own house, and that he had said be stratified? How much weight is to be grace with becoming seriousness at table. given to intellect, to character, to wealth,

bound volumes are left unopened.

Mr. Clemens, in what has been well called "the Odyssean story of the Mississippi," ler and Edwin Markham, and gave brief mosphere, the tragic vividness with which heroic figures appear before us, rustic, even boyish, alive for a few hours, then disap-

The literary status of no country is firm-ly established until it has produced a poet, and the great central region of America feud; this is a distinct step in American literature and cannot be put out of sight either by too ambitious efforts like his "Joan of Arc" or such free-and-easy journalistic extravaganzas as "Innocents like his but this is equally true of Burns. Riley speaks for the great Southeastern element of the Indiana population. Bret Harte perhaps cannot fairly be included in any survey of American literature as having denationalized himself too write as Lowell did in New England, thoroughly. It was his lot to remain for through a vanishing dialect, but from the thirty years what is called "a promising very life around him, or a portion of that writer;" to have created at the outset three life. Still less does he, like Rudyard Kipling, mix together phrases from all parts of the continent and put them in the mouth of one man. The characters that he has created. "Doc Sifers" and the "Ragedy Man," are local and vernacular as is Mark Twain's "Pudd'n Head Wilson" in another part of the country. He shows real skill in the use of dialect, for he makes it pathetic, as in "The Old Man and Jim," "Nothin' to Say" and "The Absence of Little Wesley," and even the "Old Band." All these are pathetic, and to make dialect genuinely pathetic is more than Lowell eyer attempted. When once achieved, it lasts. Once apart from dialect, Riley's excellence is less secure, although his poem, "From a Balloon," may well touch the imagination of every reader; but his touch constantly grows firmer, and no one is entitled to say

where he will stop.
When Tennyson and Gladstone visited a town in the Orkneys and received at Kirkwall the freedom of the town, Gladstone in his speech thus proclaimed the supremacy of literary service over all others. "The words," he said, "I speak, have wings to fly away; the words of Mr. Tennyson are of a higher order. I anticipated for him immortality. In some distant time the people will say, looking at your roll, "The prime minister, who was he, what did he do? We know nothing about him; but the poet laureate has written his song on the hearts of his countrymen, and it can never

We may well bear this in mind in the year that makes up the hundredth birthday of Emerson.

"The Average Novel." Philadelphia Press.

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, who himself has written some very pleasant fiction above the mediocre sort, considers in an article in Pall Mall Magazine the novels of 1902, and, while protesting that the year was a lean one-that, in his own words, it "marked time and no more"-confesses to "the astonishing excellence of the average book." Mr. Watson might, one thinks, have laid more stress upon that fact. The ex-

Not so many years ago but that most of us can remember it the average novel was so poor as to merit the greater part of the horror which it inspired. That it was tabooed on theological rather than on artistic grounds was no matter-was, perhaps, a provision of Providence. The point is that t was tabooed and deserved the sentence. To the reader of the present it would be impossible; to the present day critic it' is interesting only from an historical point of view. Thackeray, Dickens and Charles pleasure by the mere process of writing, I Reade might be producing work worthy of their best selves; the average novelist was producing trash.

This is no longer the case. Think what we may of the poorest fiction now issued by the reputable publishing houses, it comes far nearer to deserving the dress in which they clothe it than did its legitimate predecessor to meriting the slatternly garments provided by those same publishing houses forty and even thirty years ago. We may the great West was a vast swarm of hu- short of it. He is like a skater who ex- feel that only down the perspective of the morists, political and otherwise, who were ecutes a hundred graceful curves within winnowing years is it possible definitely to measure the greatness of a great book, but sometimes in a good cause, sometimes in a | * * * As a native of Ohio, transplanted to | the test of merit in a little book is, first of all, that of readableness, and this, or first extensive advertising of our genuinely interest implied in this double point of course, is in its essence a test as applicable Western authors came by the way of Eu- view. The Europeanized American, and if to-day as to-morrow. Judged by that criwe may so say, the Americanized Euro- terion the "average novel" of the present pean, are the typical figures that reappear is head and shoulders above the average able English authority (on a somewhat dif- in his books. Even in "The Lady of the novel of the past. The demand for minor ferent lines from Mr. Clemens), namely, Aroostook," although the voyagers reach fiction is old and enduring-upon it, per-Charles Darwin. "What!" said he to me, the other side at last, the real contrast is haps, depends the demand for all fiction, "you have never read Mark Twain? I al- found on board ship; and although he al- good or bad-and since this is so it is comways keep his 'Jumping Frog' on a chair lows his heroine to have been reared in a forting to know that the standard of minor fiction is rising. It is hard, indeed, for one trained in the inartistic and the vicious to cultivate a taste for the excellent; it is was certainly something that it cheered the national episodes; Mr. Howells writes inter- manifestly far easier for the reader to pass from the better to the best.

The Portrait Book-Plate. It has often been a matter of surprise to me that the portrait of ex-libris has ly great humorists of the world will, I sup- [Here the lecturer spoke of several minor | not been more popular. Of all the old pose, be doubted by no one; but it may be authors of the West, among whom were plates that I have seen the only portrait that he will be like many of that class Hamlin Garland, Booth Tarkington, Dr. whose works stand in libraries, where the volumes open easily at one or two oftenread pages, while the rest of the wellread pages, while the rest of the welltrait is well done in line, from a good painting of the old gentleman. Such a bold desketches of these persons. He explained parture from custom in those days showed has laid the foundation of an original that he varied from his previous practice a good deal of courage on his part and Western literature. The whole local atmosphere, the tragic vividness with which heroic figures appear before us, rustic, even where individual leadership had not yet would be to have Washington's portrait on his plate, instead of his coat-of-arms!as also those of many prominent men of his time and since. What value would it give to many old volumes that possess now no special interest. I have spoken on this side of one's books, in his own library, is not publicly displayed or hung framed on the walls, as is an ofl painting, but lies snugly stowed away in choice volumes, in the good company of poets and authors. In years to come, when the owner has long since passed away, when his photographs | Until to-day Mr. Spalding was unaware

and doubtless there will soon be an end to the scramble among the publishers for what, we believe, they call historical ro-This · reads like a beautiful dream. Turning to certain lists of spring publications just received we find fiction, as hitherto, in the van. New novels in numbers quite as impressive as those of previous seasons are in press, and the returns are not all in, not by any means. The booksellers may complain of being "glutted with novels," but when, since "the boom" set in, have they not been glutted with books of this sort? The truth is that while, as we never tire of reminding our readers, the average in contemporary fiction is steadily improving, he trashy book gets itself written as often as ever. This is the book that helps to "glut" the bookseller. We have not heard of his having any difficulty in disposing of the best fiction or, for that matter, the fiction which if not the best is certainly far from con-Author of "Sir Richard Calmady."

have faded, what pleasure it might

be to some descendant to come across his ancestor's portrait in some old volume

and there to see just what he looked like.

It is also a particularly appropriate style for public libraries and portraits of the founders would be far more interesting than any allegorical contrivance.

Portrait places admit of much variety of

treatment. The portrait may be inclosed in

a border, simple or ornamental, and may either be the head and bust, three-quarter

or full length, with a background of library

interior or landscape. Dogs, horses, hunt-

than any other style of which I know.

ing, fishing or any favorite pursuit of the

Kipling's English Home.

descend in due time to the owner's son. On the tiny river that flows through the three

and thirty acres stands a little flour mill,

of far greater antiquity than the house itself. It still grinds all the grist that is

brought to it, and has paid taxes (and per-

In view of the present vogue of homemade fiction in America, Mr. Kipling rather

plumes himself on certain verses he wrote.

some ten years ago, when international

copyright became an accomplished fact.

His advice to his fellow-authors in Eng-

land was to be less jubilant over the event

for if a people had to pay for its books it

would doubtless prefer to pay for those of

its own production. The prophecy has certainly been verified. Asked to predict as

to the future course of the literary move-

ment in America, he shows less confidence

English Misinformation.

The editor of "The Bookman," in Lon-

don, has heard some news of the sort which

is to be characterized as interesting if true.

"Judging from the reports which reach us

from New York," he says, "the boom in

American fiction is over and the in-

evitable reaction has set in. Booksellers

complain that they are glutted with novels.

haps dividends) since the year 1296.

in reading the signs of the times.

New York Tribune.

London Letter.

"Lucas Malet" is hard at work on the big novel which is to follow up her striking story, "Sir Richard Calmady." When it appears in England and America next fall and winter Mrs. Harrison herself will have gone to India-not on a first visit-to take a long rest before beginning any further literary task. Here is an author who believes in keeping her stories fresh for the audience that reads books ratner than magazines, and one who-and this is even more noteworthy-disbelieves in turning, or allowing others to turn, her novels into

I happen to know that she has resisted powerful pressure to consent to the dramatization of "Sir Richard Calmady," on the ground that in dramatic representation the aspects of the story which are least pleasant, and are minimized in telling it in print, would be forced into unique and injurious prominence. Loyalty to her art has dictated her course in this matter, and such oyalty must be strong when it is blind and deaf to the temptation of making thousands-perhaps many thousands-of dollars by merely answering yes instead of no.

The Historical Novel.

He took a bit of history, Enwrapped in deepest mystery, And juggled it, And smuggled it Into a dark consistory Where figures metaphorical, Half real and half historical, All young, all handsome, Were held for ransom

him, whose style was so calorical. maiden pulchritudinous-It would be rude in us

To ask her pedigree,

Since by her beauty she

Such feeling had imbued in us—

He prisoned in a towering Old castle, where the lowering Clouds, through bars seeable Weren't half so disagreeable As was the angry villain glowering. A knight who strove ambitiously, And fought his rival viciously,

Voced amorously And clamorously, phrases he had learned factitiously, maid in walls baronial With grief now thin and bony Al,
And serenaded her
And oft upbraided her Because her glances were so stony all.

Eleven other characters-Elaine and other fair actors-He tumbled in lot of wear and tear actors-And wove into his plot. Again
He was upon the spot. Again
He choose a title Sapphie all,
To make the bindings graphic all.
And, lo! the busy press was hot again! -New York Life.

Cony Fire of Rare Books.

Springfield (Mass.) Special. The scarcity of coal caused C. F. Spalding to build a cozy fire in his sitting room of old books. Now he has reason to believe that two of the books were rare New England primers, worth \$2,500 each.



VERY CALM. "What did she say when she discovered her husband had eloped with the cook?" "She said she didn't mind; that she had intended to discharge the cook any-

We Want a to work after



Evening Post No money required. He can beginnextweek. Many boys make over \$5 a week. Some are making \$15.

Any boy who

reads this ad-

vertisement

can start in

business on

his own ac-

count selling

The

Saturday

THE work can be done after school hours and on Saturdays. Write to us at once and we will send full instructions and 10 copies of the magagine free. These are sold at 5 cents a copy and provide the necessary money to order the next week's supply at the wholesale price. \$225.00 in cash prizes next month.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia

FLORIDA AND **NEW ORLEANS** -VIA-



SOUTHERN RY. AND CONNECTING LINES Famous Chicago and Florida Special. In Service January 5th.

Leaving Chicago at 1:00 pm., Cleveland at 12:35 pm., via Big Four Route from Pittsburgh at 8:00 am., via Penn. Lines; from Louisville via Southern Ry, at 7:25 p. m., daily except Sunday. From Detroit at 12:35 pm., Toledo 2:22 pm., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, via Michigan Central and C. H. & D. Rys., all connecting with Queen & Crescent Route leaving Cincinnati at 9:15 om. to St. Augustine.

Florida Limited.

Solid train with through sleeping cars daily from Chicago via Monon and C. H. & D. Rys., leaving at 9:00 pm., connecting at Cincinnati at 8:80 am. Also through sleeping car daily via Pensylvania and Southern Railway leaving Chicago at 8:40 pm., via Louisville, connecting with Florida Lim-ited at Lexington, direct to St. Augustine. The route of both trains is via Chatta-nooga and Atlanta. The Florida Limited also has through sleepers attached for Birmingham and New Orleans from Cincinnati

Queen & Crescent Special.

Solid through train leaving Cincinnati at 8:05 pm., to New Orleans via Birmingham, with through sleepers attached for Jackson-ville via Asheville and Savannah. Also through Sleeper to Charleston.

Drawing Room, Dining and Observation Cars on all trains.

Write for Printed Matter and Rates. W. A. BECKER, 118 Adams St., . CHICAGO, ILL. D. P. BROWN, 67 Woodward Ave., - DETROIT, MICH. W. W. DUNNAVANT, T. P. A., - WARREN, O. CHAS. W. ZELL, D. P. A., - - CINCINNATI, O.

that there was any special value attached to such primers. The books in question were used in school by Mr. Spaiding's grandfather, who was born in the eighteenth century. They had been carried from house to house by Mr. Spalding, who says that he "got tired of seeing them and chucked them into the fire." A New York publishing house recently paid \$2,500 for a rare New England primer at a Philadelphia book sale.

The Way to Collaborate.

The collaboration of husband and wife is rare and interesting. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle plan out their work together, talk it over thoroughly and finally write it in nison, so that it is almost impossible in the end to decide with whom any particular idea originally started. The authors never write of places or peoples they do not know familiarly. Mr. Castle states that he never begins to write out a romance until it has been complete in his mind (as discussed and elaborated with his wife) for a very long time. It is only when both character and incident and the reciprocal influence of one on the other have become

familiar that the story is begun.

After that the writing goes fast enough at an average rate of 2,000 words a daywriting in the morning and revising at odd moments of the day. Thus a long novel will be written in three months; but, of course, the period from its conception is much longer-generally a year or more. Up to the present time Mr. Castle's publishers in this country have always been Messrs. Macmillan.

Mark Twain and Mrs. Eddy.

Mark Twain advertises in the current Harper's Weekly for a copy of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's book called "Miscellaneous Writings," which he has been unable to buy because Mrs. Eddy's publishing agents decline to sell it to him. This declination on the part of the agents is supposedly due to Mark Twain's articles on the Christian Science belief in the North American Review, a brilliantly humorous and satirical attack upon the faith. His third paper in this series will appear in the Review for February.

The Little Book.

New York Sun. This is the time of little books. Dr. Johnson favored the sort that you could hold in your hand before the fire. But unfortunately, as he was a powerful person physi-cally, as well as the other way, he could manipulate a family Bible with ease. The new idea of a convenient book is one that you can read in bed with comfort.

Cooking Ment with Cold. Philadelphia Record.

"Cooking meat by cold instead of by heat." said a wholesale butcher up town, "is the odd experiment that my firm has recently been trying. I suppose you are aware that the effect of intense cold is much like that of fire. You know that, if your finger is frozen, the injured tissues take on precisely the same condition that they would if the finger had been roasted. Well, that is the basis we went to work on, our mo-tive being the idea that with our ice making plant and all it would be cheaper in our canning department to freeze our meat than to cook it. So far in our experiments we have had good success. We have submitted the meat to a temperature of minus 33 degrees Fahrenheit, and their have packed it in cans. It has shown all the appearance of half-cooked meat; it has been impossible to teil the frozen and the halfcooked brands apart. So far, too, it has kept well. But whether it will keep as well and as long as the meat treated with fire we do not yet know, as our experiments have not continued a sufficient length of time. We will save about an eighth of a cent a pound on tinned meats if we succeed in substituting cold for heat in their prepara-